A MAP OF MERRY CONCEITES.

Wherein is Contained much mirth which may yeeld pleasure to the Reader, delight to the Hearer, content to the Buyer, profit to the Seller, and hindrance to no man.

C. 40. a. 44.

THE BOOK.

All you that doe spie me, Come quickly & buy me,
If once you doe try me, You will not deny me.

By *Laurence Price.*

London, Printed by E. C. for *Francis Grove*, and are to be sold at his shop on *Snow-hill* neer the *Sarazens* head, 1656.

frances wolfreston her book
A pritty may one

A MAP OF MERRIE CONCEITES.

COurteous spectators that my verses heare,
Stand not amaz'd but come a little near.
Unto your view I purpose to present
A little book which yeelds much merrimẽt.
I have in hand no monstrous beast to brag on
As Parkers Ore, nor Trundles mighty Draggon:
Bevis of Hampton, nor great Warwicks Earle,
Which hentur'd life and blood to gain a girle,
Nor would I have you think me so mistaken
To write of Faustus, or old Fryer Bacon,
Of Pluto nor of Proserpine of hell,
Which might affright you no such newes ile tell,
I am not us'd to cringe, to bend or crouch,
Or cousen money out of Maudlins pouch.
No no, my muse is otherwise inclin'd,
They that peruse these lines may quickly finde
A remedy for melancholy fits,
Twill kick a fool into some riper wits:
Women that to the Alehouse doe resort,
Twill make them laugh and find them pretty sport,
Then buy my Pamphlet, read it at your leasure,
Twil serve to passe the time, and do you pleasure.

AN Usurer that had more store of gold (hold,
Then all his coffers, chests, and trunks would

Went to a Neigbour poor that dwelt close by,
Intreating him an simple curtesy,
Which was to give him leave till Lamas day
Five bags of Rudocks in a room to lay
Of th' poor mans house, who quickly gave consent
He should lay in his gold, and pay no rent;
Which being done, the door hee lockt up fast,
But mark the jest, here comes the best at last,
This poor man found another way unto
Old Magus bagges; and made no more ado
But very boldly to the place did enter,
And manfully upon the gold did venture,
Not long time after he went to the Town,
and bought his wife a petticoat and gown,
Silk Apron, dainty Ruffs, and Hose and Shoes,
A beaver hat the best that he could choose:
Rings to her fingers of the purest gold,
With other garments Gorgious to behold:
Thus she that lately went as poor as may be
Was now adorned like a petty Ladie,
His children must with costly fare be fed,
Wh ich had before want both of drink and bred,
This caus'd their neigbours all within the parish
Wonder much strangely thus to see them flourish,
Some surely thought that he rob'd for gain,
And others said he had some rich man slain;
Many reported that his deeds were evill,
And that his soul was given to the devill:
Else how quoth they could he that was so poors
Abound in wealth and have of gold such store:
In short time after as it did appear
This news was brought unto old Magus ear,
Who in milde rage, as feirce as any snaile,
Came to the house thinking for to prevail,
With lofty speech he did his gold demand,
And sworе that he must have it out of hand:

Why

Why quoth the poor man, Sir, you have the key,
But for your gold you must a long time stay;
I gave you leave to bring in bags of worth,
But I not give you leave to fetch them forth:
Now how this Jarre did end to me's unknown,
But yet I hope the poor man held his own.

A Dainty couple which were newly wedded
And scarce had 40 nights together bedded:
The man was oft possest by his next neighbor,
That his young wife did undergoe a labor,
Which was unfitting he should so confute him,
For it was prov'd she often did cornute him,
This baliant horned man seem'd well contented,
And of his marriage he no jot repented,
For why, quoth he, she learn'd it of her mother,
Precept nor pattern took shee of no other,
When as her man and she were newly married
Things in like order then with them were carryed,
But when she came to be lame, blind, and aged,
Her friends would for her honesty stand ingaged,
And for my part I doe suppose her daughter
Either lives honest now, or will hereafter;
I will not with ill terms my wife importune,
I think 'twas not her fault but my bad fortune:
And sith that she's inclin'd to be so merry,
Ile be as boon, and tipple sack and sherry:
What care I for the voyce of Common people
Though every word seems higher then a steeple,
Let Will and Bes and Tom against me mutter,
I do not care a pinne for all their clutter,
Perhaps that some will say I am the richer
Because my wife was such an excellent stitcher:
Another says I have a very dull head,
A third man calls me by the name of Bull head:
And this shall never move me to displeasure,
So that my wife brings in good store of treasure.

THE CROSSING OF PROVERBS.

Pro. HE may swim that is held up by the chin.

Cros. But not with a millstone tyed about his middle.

Pro. Give a man luck and cast him into the sea.

Cros. And so ye may have the luck to be drowned.

Pro. The breath of a wanton is sweet at the first.

Cros. But at last more loathsome than poyson.

P. A fool will be won to do any thing.

C. No, not any good thing.

P. A fool will be won with a bable.

C. Not so, a crafty fool will not.

P. Wise men are never deceived.

C. Yes sometimes with a woman.

P. He that digges a pit for another man falls in himselfe.

C. But not if he be the Sexton of the Parish.

P. No man will change an old friend for a new.

C. Yes, if once he falls into poberty.

P. He that will not work shall not eat.

C. Not so, for many times he that workes least eats most.

Pro. He that will lye will steal.
Crof. Not if his hands be bound behind him.
P. He that hath a scold to his wife cannot bée at quiet.
C. Yes, when he is far enough from her.
P. He that doth good is repayed with ebill.
C. But not all times.
P. A barking dog will bite.
C. But a snarling cur will both bark and bite.
P. You never heard a fish wife Cry stinking fish.
C. Yes once in Southwarke.
P. He that buyes dear must sell dear.
C. Not so, there are many that buyes dear to gibe away.
P. Tobacco as some say cléereth the eye sight.
C. But I never will beléeve it.
P. The love of a Harlot doth not last long.
C. Yes, so long as a man hath one Groat in his purse.
P. Choice fare, strong drink, and warm clothes wil lengthen thy life.
C. Not if it bring in its mace to arrest thée.
P. One cold drives out another.
C. Not when Mitold drives out Cuckold.
P. The blind eat many a flye
C. But not in Christmas holydays.
P. Like Master like man.
C. Not so, Many an honest Master hath had a knabe to his Man.
P. It is a rare thing to have a beautifull wife.
C. Not except she be honest.
P. It is a good thing to have a loving wife.
C. Not if thée love another man better than her husband.
P. It is an excellent thing to have a quiet wife.
C. Not if thée be dumb and cannot speak.

Pro. It is a happy thing to have an honest wife.
Cro. Not unlesse shee bee endued with some other vertue.
P. He is wise that keepeth a secret hidden.
C. But not if it be to his own hurt.
P. He is wise that revealeth a secret.
C. Not if it be to wrong a friend.
P. The taste of water spoyles the boyce.
C. Not of a Goose.
P. Hear, see, and say nothing.
C. Not so, least thy throat be cut while thou keep silence.
P. Lyars have very short legges.
C. But they have very long tongues.
P. To be carefull is an excellent gift.
C. Not except it be guided with discretion.
P. Better give the wool than the sheep.
C. Not if the sheep be rotten.
P. Set a theef on horseback and he will ride.
C. Not far if he meet with the gallowes.
P. It is never good to choose a wife by the light of a Candle.
C. Yet she may be better by Candle than by Daylight,
P. Children and fools tell all.
C. Not if they cannot speak.
P. A Tapster sometimes thrives backwards.
C. Tis not the Tapster tis his wife.
P. Time is a proud Champion.
C. Not so, for hee will runne away from every one.
P. He that lives without a wife saves charges.
C. Not if he spend more in a Bawdy house than will maintain a family.
P. He y waiteth on a whore shall lose his labour,
C. Not so, he may chance to be paid with a por.

Hee

Pro. Yee that goeth to bed without a supper may rise an hungry.
Crol. Not so, he is not sure to rise alive.
P. A wrangler will pick out the eyes of another.
C. But not if they be blind before.
P. He that lobes me will lobe my hound.
C. Not if he eat up the butter.
P. Words and déeds are all one.
C. Not amongst Dissemblers.
P. A fat Goose is meat for a man.
C. Not when the Fox mæts with her.
P. The great fish eat up the small.
C. But not before they catch them.
P. Conscience was hanged long agoe.
C. Not so, he was hanged that used no conscience.
P. Hottest lobe is soonest cold.
C. Not so, a faithfull friend will say and hold.
P. The biggest is the best.
C. Not so, a Lark is better than a Kyte.
P. It is a brabe thing to habe store of gold.
C. Not if thou be carried to prison for it.
P. Tell a tale to a Mare and shée will gibe thée no thanks.
C. Yes, the clean contrary way.
P. When Fortune pipeth then is good time to dance.
C. But not if thou hast no legs.
P. A Drunken wife néeds no Porter.
C. Yes, to carry her home.
P. Good Ale makes the heart light.
C. But not if it overload the stomack.
P. If the Mare trot the Colt will trot also.
C. Not if he be lame and cannot goe.
P. A joyfull heart makes a fair face.
C. But not in a black-moore.

Pro. Lobe them that lobe thée.
Crof. Not if they be harlots.
P: Kick a gauld hozſe and he will winch.
C: Not if he be dead:
P: He that hath due to the Bée wil habe the hony:
C: Not ſo, he may be diſmiſt of both:
P: He that wakes all night may ſléep all day:
C: Not when a Souldier is in the face of his enemy:
P: A Tayloz may be an honeſt man:
C: Not when hee cuts thzée ſléebes foz one garment:
P: Wiſdome is a rare part in a Damſell:
C: But not if ſhe be adicted to folly:
P: A ſwozd is a dangerous weapon:
C: Not till it be dzawn:
P: Manhood beſt becomes a ſouldier:
C: Not if he flye from his Colours.
P: He ſhoots well that hits the mark:
C: Not if it be to his own undoing:
P: To pick a mans purſe is flat felony:
C: Not women pick their husbands purſes:
P: A dzunkard is a Gentlemans fellow:
C: Not ſo, he is not wozthy to he a Beggers companion:
P: Butter is good foz any thing:
C: But not to ſtop Obens with:
P: Ebery true Miller hath a golden thumbe:
C: Not ſo true, the Miller hath a thumb of fleſh.
P: Meat well boyled hurteth no body:
C: Yes the Hoſtis if it be not well paid foz:
P: A new bzom ſwéeps clean:
C: Not if a lazy huswife hath it in handling:
P: Good deeds are repayd with ebill;
C: Not with good minded people:
P: A luſty hozſe is a truſty ſerbant:

That's

Cro. That's not so if he cast his Master on the ground.

Pro. An unhappy boy breeds a good man.

C. That's not so, a good man breeds an unhappy boy.

P. A quean is better than a slut:

C. That's not so, for a slut can but poyson the body, & a quean will poyson both body and soule.

P. Nothing so much out of request as an old horse

C. Yes an old Servingman.

P. A Bucks horn and a Cuckolds horn are alike.

C. Thats not so, for a Buck sheds his horn once a year, and the Cuckold sheds his horns scarce once in his life time.

P. Short and sweet.

C. Not if it taste like a Crabbe.

P. Nothing more subtle than a whore.

C. Yes, the Devill.

P. The longer he liveth the more wit he will have.

C. Not if he be an Ideot.

P. A beautifull woman gives content to her husband.

C. Not if she dub him knight of the forked order.

P. Pride and Lust commonly goe together.

C. Not when a whore is brought to the whipping-post.

P. He that will swear will lye.

C. Not if he bear a good conscience.

The Knavery of the Miller.

A Gentleman once walking on the way,
Met with Tom True the honest Millers boy,
A pound of Candles he had in his hand,
The Gentleman did earnestly demand,
To know the reason why he used still
To carry such store of candles to the Mill.
Sir, said the boy, wee soon shall have good sport,
For why, my Master means to keep his Court:
So being parted at that instant season,
The man within himself began to reason,
What Court the Miller kept, and therefore he,
Was thus resolved, that he would goe see,
And comming to the Mill late in the night,
He did perceive therein a mighty light,
So couching close under a bush hard by,
Yet thought in time some knavery to spy:
At last he heard a very large Oration
Made by the Miller like a Proclamation,
With a loud voyce, next after his O yes,
He did begin his speech as followeth this.
Boy make good chaste, with speed unty each sack,
And see what customers of late we lack,
The pretty Lad did as his Master bid him,
But yet unseen the Gentleman still hid him,
And so the Miller straight upon the same,
Cald all his Cu to mers each one by name:
Come Thomas Gull appear with speed in sight,
Or else thou shalt be mearct by this good light:
Bring Steeven Goose, William Woodcock too,
Else boy I charge thee make no more adoe,
Discharge thy conscience, finish up the trouble,
And every one that comes not mearce him double:

The

The man unseen much wondred at the same,
At last he heard them call upon his name,
And fearing least his sack would pay a fine,
Crydout, hold, hold, I am a friend of thine.
This word throughout the Mill made all amazed,
And with their candles up and down they gazed;
Though long they looked, no man they could see,
Which made the Miller think assuredlie,
For his misdealing, and his base demerit,
His Mill and he were haunted by some spirit.
Whereby into a frenzie straight he fell,
His peuter nose made shew he was not well,
His hoary hair from his bald head fell down,
Scarcely one honest hair left on his crown,
And quaking in the place where he did stand,
Not one true finger left on his right hand;
And many griefs sutable with the same,
Which now would be too long for me to name,
In this distresse he took him to his bed,
And since that time Tom True the Millers dead.
Therefore to end my theme I hold it best,
You may conceive all this is but a jest.

The Drunkards Dream.

A Country fellow being potifi'd,
Lay down to sleep fast by the high way side,
And as this Pot-companion was a sleeping,
Morphus his vitall sences had in keeping:
Mean while a Traveller that passed by,
And seeing him so much at randome lye,
Awaked him and straight upon the same,
Desired him for to unfold his dreame;
For why quoth he I see you often start,
By which I know that in your inward part
You were possest with some prodigious sight,
Which in your sleep did greatly you affright.

The man starts up like one being in a maze,
And on the Trabeller did wistly gaze,
And presently his dream began to tell,
I have quoth hée séen all the rooms in hell,
But since my memory so dull is grown,
That every severall I cannot make known.
I will relate what I can best remember,
We thought twas done in the month of September
An Ale-wife first was by a demi-debill
Brought in because indéed her déeds were ebill,
Her chiefest customers she used to gull,
And never fild her pots to poor folks full,
Beside the dropings of the tap she'ld send
And bring false reckoning to her néerest friend,
And oftentimes her tongue would bréed much strife
Twixt many an honest neighbour and his wife.
And then me thought this Alewife for her trouble
Was in the Stygian Lake tormented double.
Soon after her presented were thrée queans,
Who by ungodly dealings got their means,
Their faces painted, and their golden locks,
But all their noses painted with the pox,
And for their earthly pleasure now their gain,
Is to be punished with a lasting pain.
And after them me thought apace did wander
A foulsome Baud, a Cut-purse and a Pander,
Numbers of Rookes that in the fields lay playing,
Whé twas more fit they should have beé a praying
Sherkers & cheters in great crowds came prácing
As if the Debill kept a school for Dancing:
Chandlers also to shew their weights & measure,
And mony mongers with great heaps of treasure:
Bakers also for sizing of their bread,
Bewayling of the time they were misled:
Brewers came with them onely for this matter,
Because they left out malt and put in water.

The

The Traveller being weary of his talk,
Bayd Friend farewell, for now I must go walk;
And so they parted both I know not whether,
I think indeed they stayd too long together.

A Fare from Wapping.

A Wench neer Wapping lately was espy'd,
With a young fellow by a hedges side,
And as tis said in midest of their knavery,
Two boat men took them in the height of knavery,
And with a Ropes end they the fellow basted,
But the poor wench a greater torment tasted;
For she was brought before some men at last
The which on her their censures quickly past,
That she should then unto a boat be tide
And so be drawn unto the other side.
Fast to the stern end they then her bound,
She thought of nothing but she should be drownd,
But they bad quickly row'd her thrOw the water,
And charged her to live honest ever after:
Now when she felt her self upon the ground,
In short time after she her tongue had found,
And with a voyce both lusty stout and bold
She did begin to fret, fume, chafe and scold.
Are you the men, said she, would hang or drown me
Or doe you think at this time to confound me:
No, no, alas your labor is in vain,
For I will surely to the sport again:
You say that you have washt me clean and sweet,
The betters for my friend when we doe meet:
Yet in this way it may bee understood
That this same washing hath done me much good,
He that before would give me but a crown,
Shall now pay twenty shillings ready down.

If

If you think the Book is not worth your money,
Here's a Song at the later end is worth a penny.

To the tune of Last Christmas twas my chance.

I Am asham'd to see
Such antick foolish fashions
As up and down doth flee;
Besides such alterations
As there bee.

I met one in the street
Her face was daub'd with spots
But when I did her greet
I thought she had the pox,
Her breath was so sweet.

Both men and women too
Their shapes doe so abuse,
How ugly doe they show
In their forked tin-to'd shooes
When as they go.

Your tin-to'd boots & shooes,
Black patches & painted faces,
Every dragletail now doth use
And no mookes upon their
That's no news. Arsicks

A pride likewise some take
In poudring of their shoulders
When nits or meale will make
As brave a sight to the behol-
I dare speak. (ders

If Diogenes had lived
In these times of alterations,
He would a blushe to see
Such antick foolish fashions
As now there be.

On their codpisses they'l wear
Sorts of Ribons plenty,
And vapor, rant, and tear
When their pockets they are
I dare swear. (empty

For fear I should offend
In this harmlesse ditty,
I'l stop my tongue and end,
Truth now is blam'd that's
My dear friend. (pity

FINIS.